

The Spanish LADY'S LOVE

To an ENGLISH SAILOR.



WILL you hear of a Spanish lady,
How she woo'd an English man?
Garments gay and rich as may be,
Deck'd with jewels she had on;
Of a comely countenance,
And grace was she;

By birth and parentage,
Of high degree.

As his pris'ner there he kept her,
In his hands her life did lie;
Cupid's bands did tie them faster,
By the liking of an eye.
In his courteous company
Was all her joy;
To favour him in any thing
She was not coy.

But length there came commandment
For to set all ladies free,
With their jewels still adorned,
None to do them injury.
Then, said this lady mild,
Full woe is me!
Oh! let me still enjoy
My kind captivity.

Gallant Captain, take some pity
On a woman in distress:
Leave me not within this city,
For to die in heaviness.
They have set this present day
My body free;
But my heart in prison still
Remains with thee.

Why should'st thou, fair lady, love me?
Whom thou know'st thy country's foe,
Thy fair words make me suspect thee,
Serpents lie where flowers grow.
All the harm I think on thee,
Most courageous Knight,
I wish the same on me
May fully light.

Blessed be the time and season
When you came on Spanish ground,
If that you may our foes be termed,
Gentle foes we have, you found.
With our city you have won
Our hearts each one.
Then to your country bear away
What is your own.

Rest you still, you gallant Lady,
Rest you still, and weep no more.
Of fair flowers you have plenty,
Spain doth yield you wondrous store.
Spaniards fraught with jealousy
We most often find;
But Englishmen throughout the world
Are counted kind.

Leave me not under a Spaniard,
Thou alone enjoy'st my heart;
I am loving, young, and tender,
Love is likewise my desert.
Still to court thee day and night
My mind is prest;
The wife of every Englishman
Is surely blest.

It would be a shame, fair lady,
For to bear a woman hence:
English sailor never carry
Any such without offence
I will quickly change myself,
And if it be so,
And like a page will follow thee,
Wherefoe'er you go.

I have neither gold nor silver,
For to maintain you in this case,
And to travel is great charges,
Which you know in every place.
My chains and jewels every one
Shall be thy own,
And eke ten thousand pounds in gold,
Which lies unknown.

On the seas are many dangers,
Many storms do there arise,
Which will be to the ladies fatal,
And force the tears from their eyes.

Well, is true, I shall endure
The utmost extremity;
For I could find in my heart to lose
My life for thee.

Courteous lady, leave this folly,
Here comes all that breeds this strife,
I in England have already
A sweet woman to my wife.
I will not falsify my vow
For gold nor gain,
Nor yet for the fairest dames
Which are in Spain.

Oh! how happy is that woman,
Who enjoys so true a friend!
Many days I pray God send her,
Thus of my suit I make an end:
On my knees I do pardon crave
For this my offence,
Which love and true affection
Did the first commence.

Commend me to that gallant lady,
Bare to her this chain of gold,
With these Bracelets, for a token,
Grieving that I was so bold;
All my jewels in like sort
Take thou with thee:
For they are fitting for thy wife,
But not for me.

I will spend my days in prayer,
Love and all his laws defy;
In a Nunnery I will shroud me,
Far from any company.
But ere my prayers have an end,
Be thou sure of this,
To pray for thee and thy lady
I will not miss.

Thus farewell, thou gallant Captain,
Farewel to my heart's content,
Court no Spanish ladies wanton,
Tho' to thee my heart was bent,
All joy and true prosperity
Remain with thee;
The like thereof fall to thy share,
Most fair lady.